

OCT.—DEC.

# ALVIN

WHEN THE CHIPMUNKS BECOME  
GADDIES FOR A BUNCH OF TOUGH  
GUY BADDIES THERE'S ADVENTURE  
GALORE OUT ON THE LINKS!





# JERRY LEWIS

# 7

times  
funnier  
than  
ever  
before!

in **THE**  
**FAMILY**  
**JEWELS**  
**TECHNICOLOR®**

JERRY as  
Bugs Peyton,  
crime lord

JERRY as  
Willard Woodward,  
chauffeur

JERRY as  
Skylock Peyton,  
private eye

JERRY as  
Julius Peyton,  
fashion photographer

JERRY as  
James Peyton,  
ferry captain

JERRY as  
Eddie Peyton,  
airline pilot

JERRY as  
Everett Peyton,  
circus clown

with

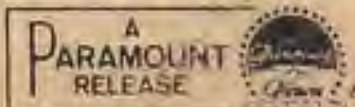
ROBERT STRAUSS · SEBASTIAN CABOT · VINCE BARNETT ·

and introducing

**DONNA BUTTERWORTH**

Produced and Directed by JERRY LEWIS · Screenplay by JERRY LEWIS and BILL RICHMOND

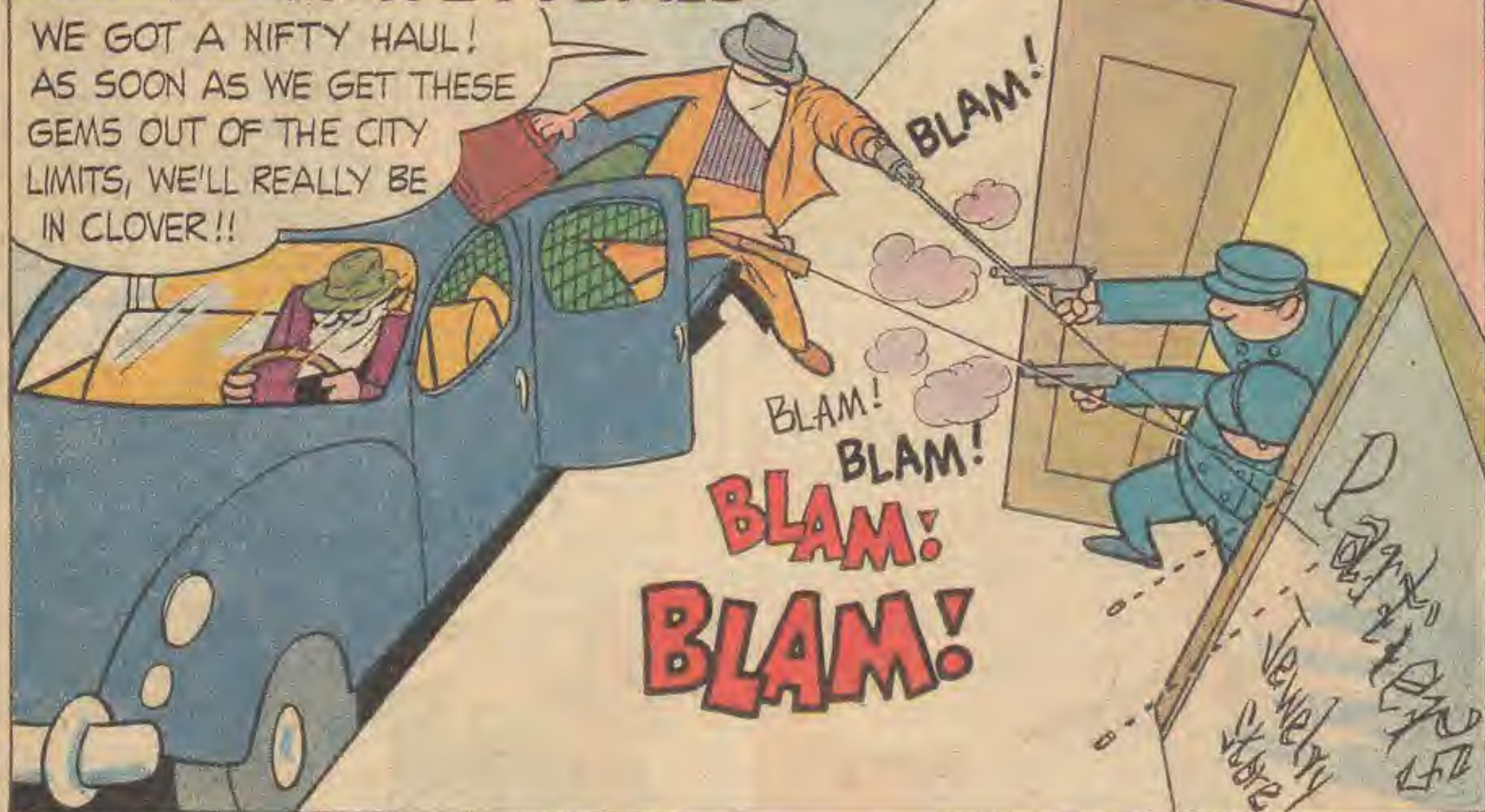
A JERRY LEWIS ENTERPRISES Production





**A** DARING JEWEL ROBBERY, INVOLVING THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF PRECIOUS GEMS! THE CROOKS HAVE PLANNED IT WELL, AND THEY WILL MAKE THEIR ESCAPE. BUT WHAT DOES ALL THIS HAVE TO DO WITH THE CHIPMUNKS? WELL, VERY SOON ALVIN, SIMON AND THEODORE WILL LEARN THAT TROUBLE AND EXCITEMENT WILL INVITE THEM TO.....**HAVE A BALL**

# ALVIN



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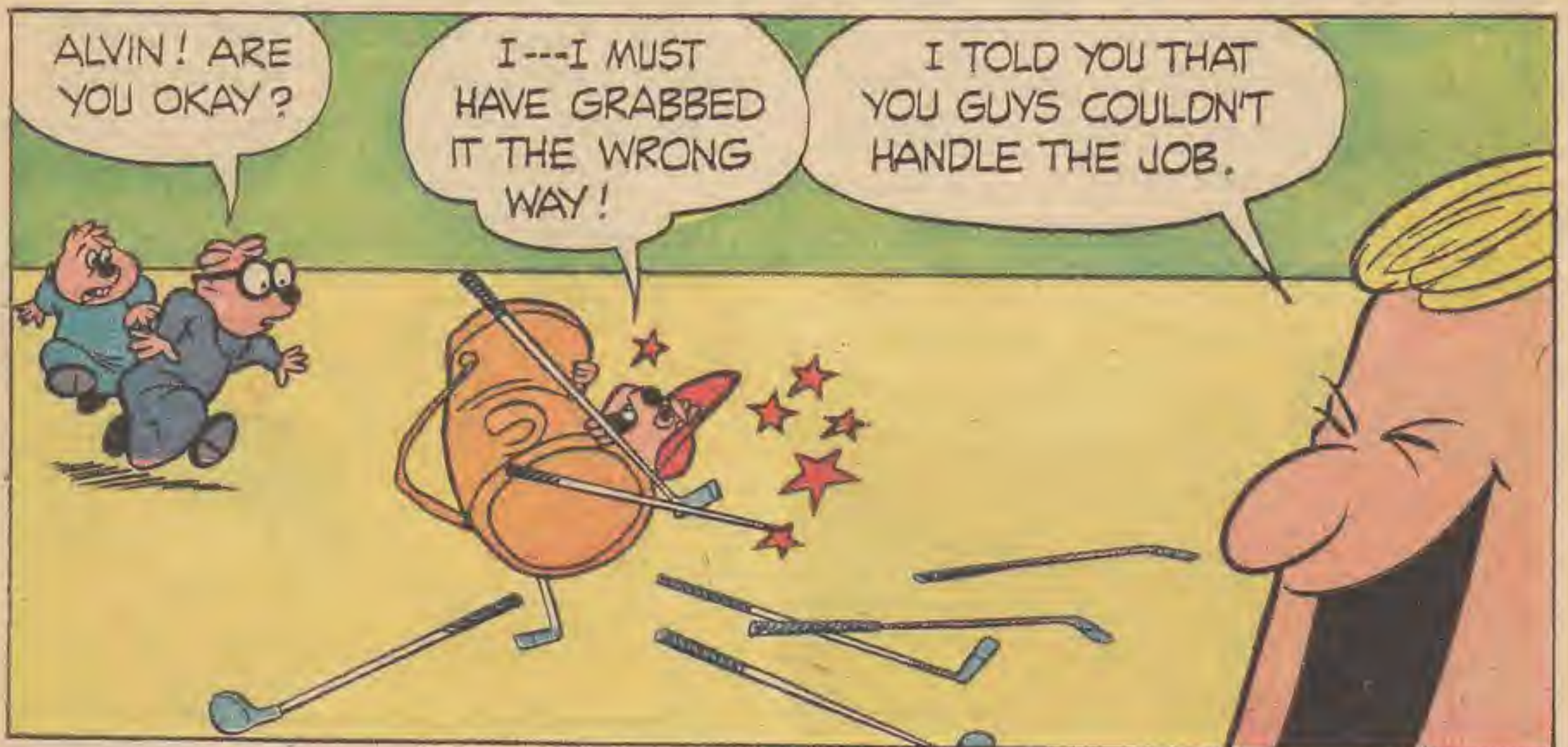
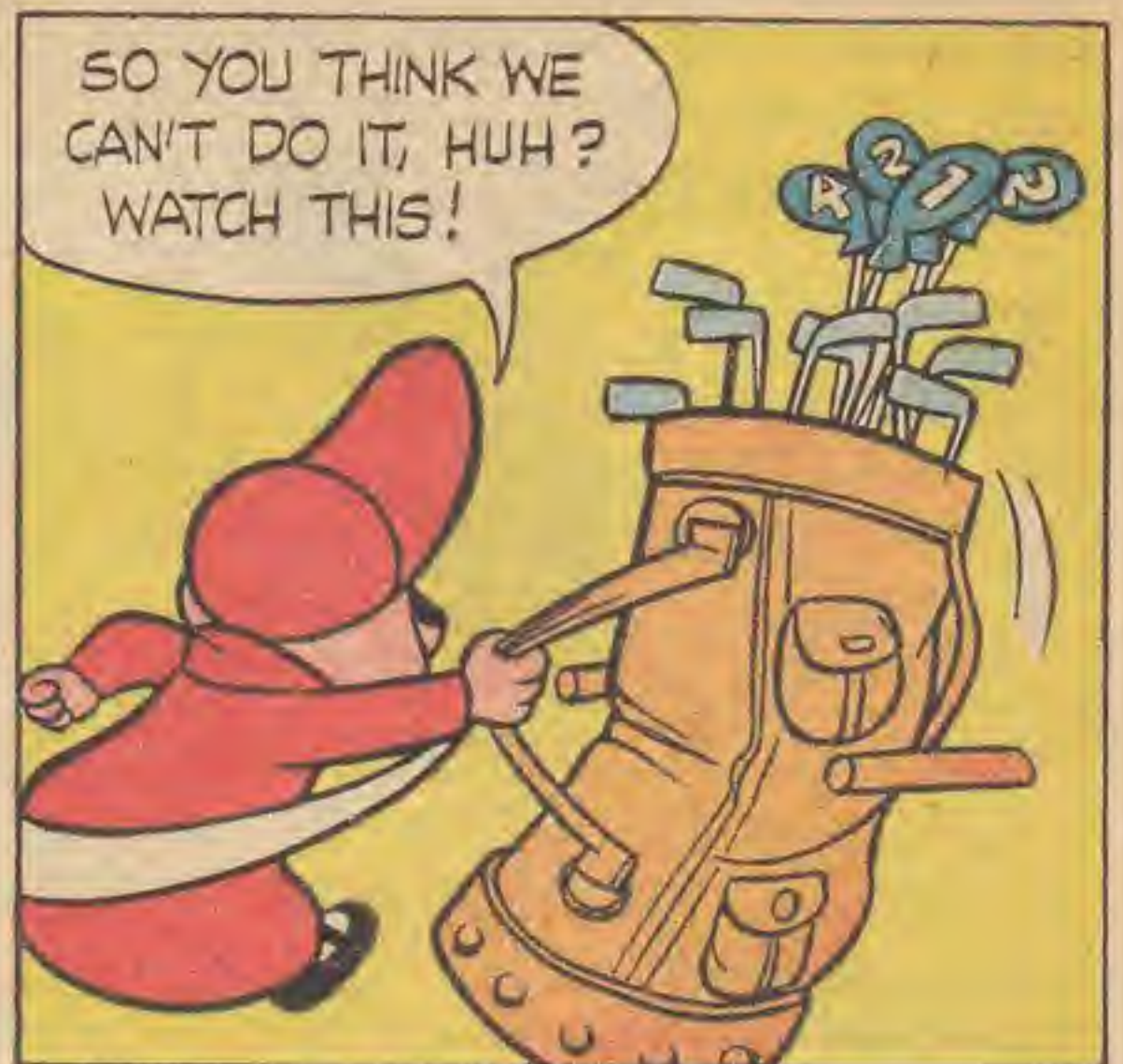
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O-OH! THE BOYS DIDN'T REALIZE IT,  
BUT THEY'RE ABOUT TO CADDY FOR  
THREE JEWEL ROBBERS!

TODAY'S OUR LAST  
DAY. SOON AS WE  
HIT THIS LAST  
BATCH OF LOADED  
GOLF BALLS  
ACROSS THE  
RIVER, WE'LL  
BE ALL  
FINISHED!

NOBODY'S  
CAUGHT ON YET,  
AND THEY NEVER  
WILL!

WE'RE YOUR CADDIES!

OH, YEAH?

WE USUALLY LOSE  
A LOT OF GOLF BALLS  
WHEN WE PLAY, BUT  
DON'T BOTHER TO  
CHASE AFTER THEM.  
UNDERSTAND?

RIGHT! IF  
YOU WANT  
TO THROW  
AWAY  
GOLF BALLS,  
THAT'S YOUR  
BUSINESS!

THESE KIDS ARE TOO DUMB TO SUS-  
PECT ANYTHING. JUST PLAY IT REGU-  
LAR UNTIL WE GET TO THE  
7TH HOLE. THEN WE'LL USE  
THE LOADED GOLF BALLS!

RIGHT,  
LEFTY!

THEODORE, ARE YOU  
TRYING TO EAT A  
GOLF BALL?

DON'T BE  
SILLY,  
SIMON.

IT'S ONLY A HARD-BOILED EGG.  
SEE? ANYBODY COULD TELL  
THE DIFFERENCE.







THIS IS THE 2ND HOLE. WHEN WE GET TO NUMBER 7, WE'LL BE CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE RIVER TO USE THE LOADED GOLF BALLS.

RIGHT, LEFTY. UNTIL THEN WE JUST ENJOY OURSELVES.

A comic panel showing three men in a conversation. The man on the left is balding with glasses, the man in the middle is older with a mustache and a hat, and the man on the right is wearing a blue cap and glasses. They are all smiling and talking.

THIS LOOKS EASY ENOUGH TO OPERATE...NOW WHERE'S THE STARTER SWITCH?...

A comic panel showing Alvin the chipmunk sitting in a yellow car. He is wearing a red cap and a red shirt. He is looking at the car with a thoughtful expression, and a thought bubble above him contains the text.

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, ALVIN?

NOTHING. I'LL FIGURE THIS OUT...

A comic panel showing Alvin the chipmunk in his yellow car, talking to two men. One man is balding with glasses, and the other is older with a mustache and a hat. Alvin is looking out of the car window.

THAT DID IT!

**RRURRR!**

CLICK!

A comic panel showing a close-up of Alvin's face. He is looking happy and has a wide smile. The sound effects "RRURRR!" and "CLICK!" are written in large, stylized letters next to him.

WAIT TILL OUR BOSSES SEE THIS! THEY'LL BE VERY GRATEFUL THAT THEY WON'T HAVE TO DO ALL THIS WALKING!

**RRURRR!**

A comic panel showing Alvin driving his yellow car away. He is looking back over his shoulder with a mischievous expression. The sound effect "RRURRR!" is written in large, stylized letters next to the car.

THERE THEY ARE, ALVIN. STOP AND PICK THEM UP!

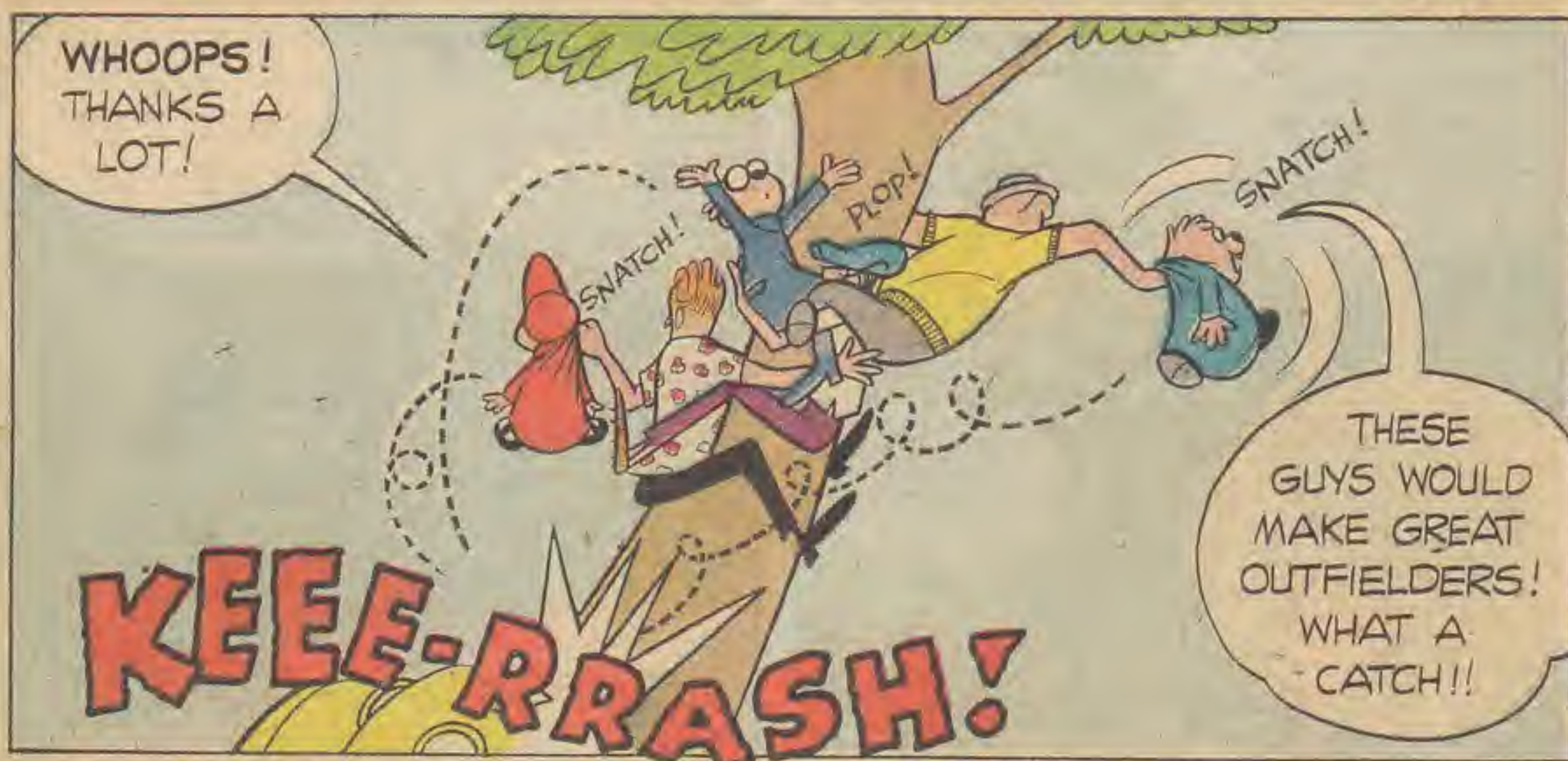
**RRRURURRRR**

A comic panel showing Alvin driving his yellow car away from three men who are standing on a golf course. The men are looking at the car. The sound effect "RRRURURRRR" is written in large, stylized letters at the bottom of the panel.





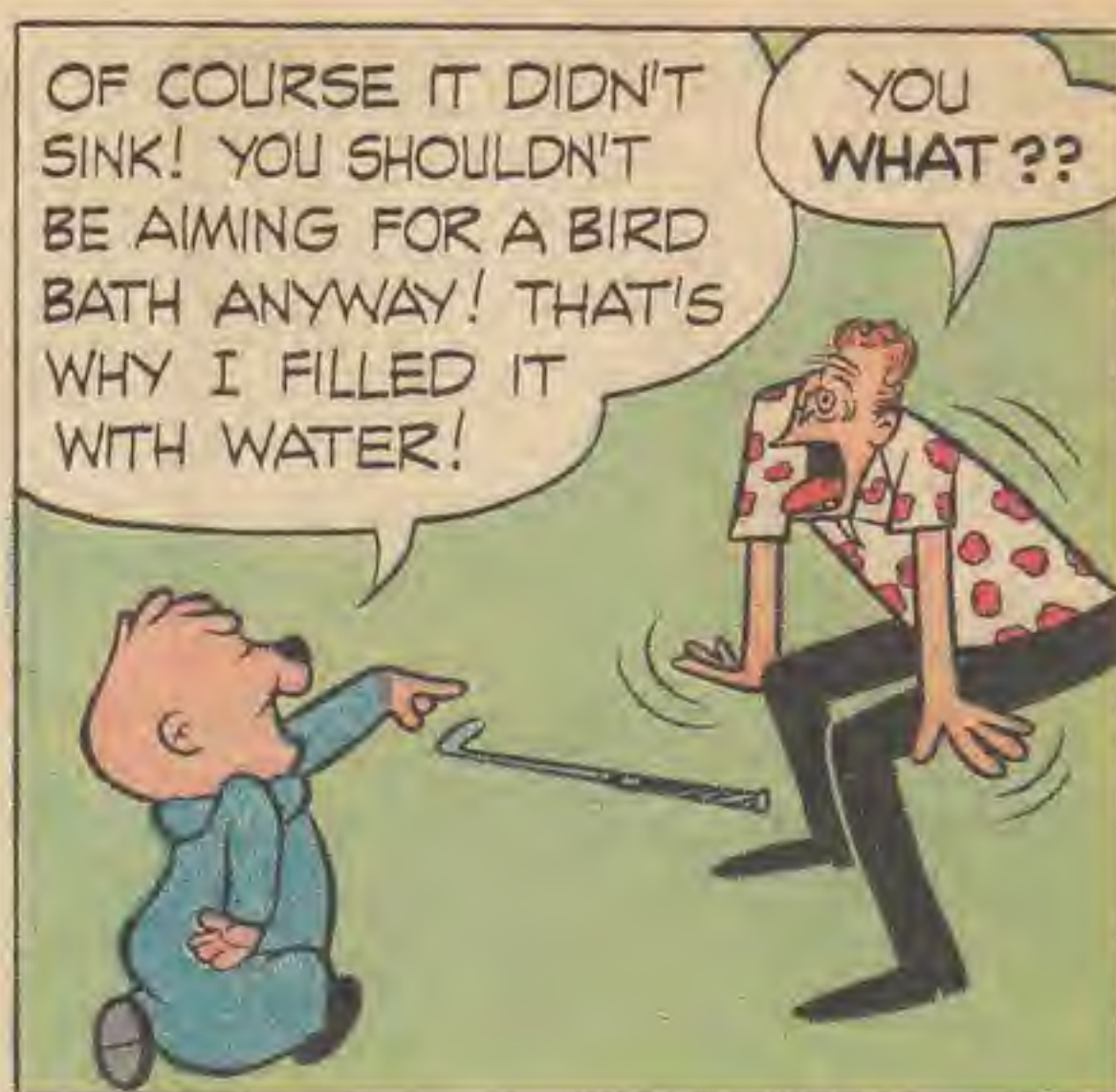














MY FIRST HOLE IN ONE. KID, I LOVE YA! I WOULDN'T FIRE YOU FOR NOTHIN' NOW! YOU'RE MY GOOD LUCK CHARM!!

# ALVIN

## GOOFY GOLF

SMACK!  
SMACK!

THINK NOTHING OF IT, MR. LEFTY! JUST ONE OF THE MANY SERVICES I OFFER!

LEFTY'S BEGININ' TA TAKE THIS GAME TOO SERIOUS. WE GOTTA GET TA HOLE NUMBER SEVEN. CHARLIE'LL BE WAITIN' ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER!



A SHORT WHILE LATER....

WELL, HERE WE ARE. NUMBER 7.



THERE'S THE RIVER. CHARLIE MUST BE WAITIN' SO LET'S SWITCH TO THE LOADED GOLF BALLS.



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY'RE LOOKING TOWARD THE RIVER... THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO HIT THE BALL THE OTHER WAY!

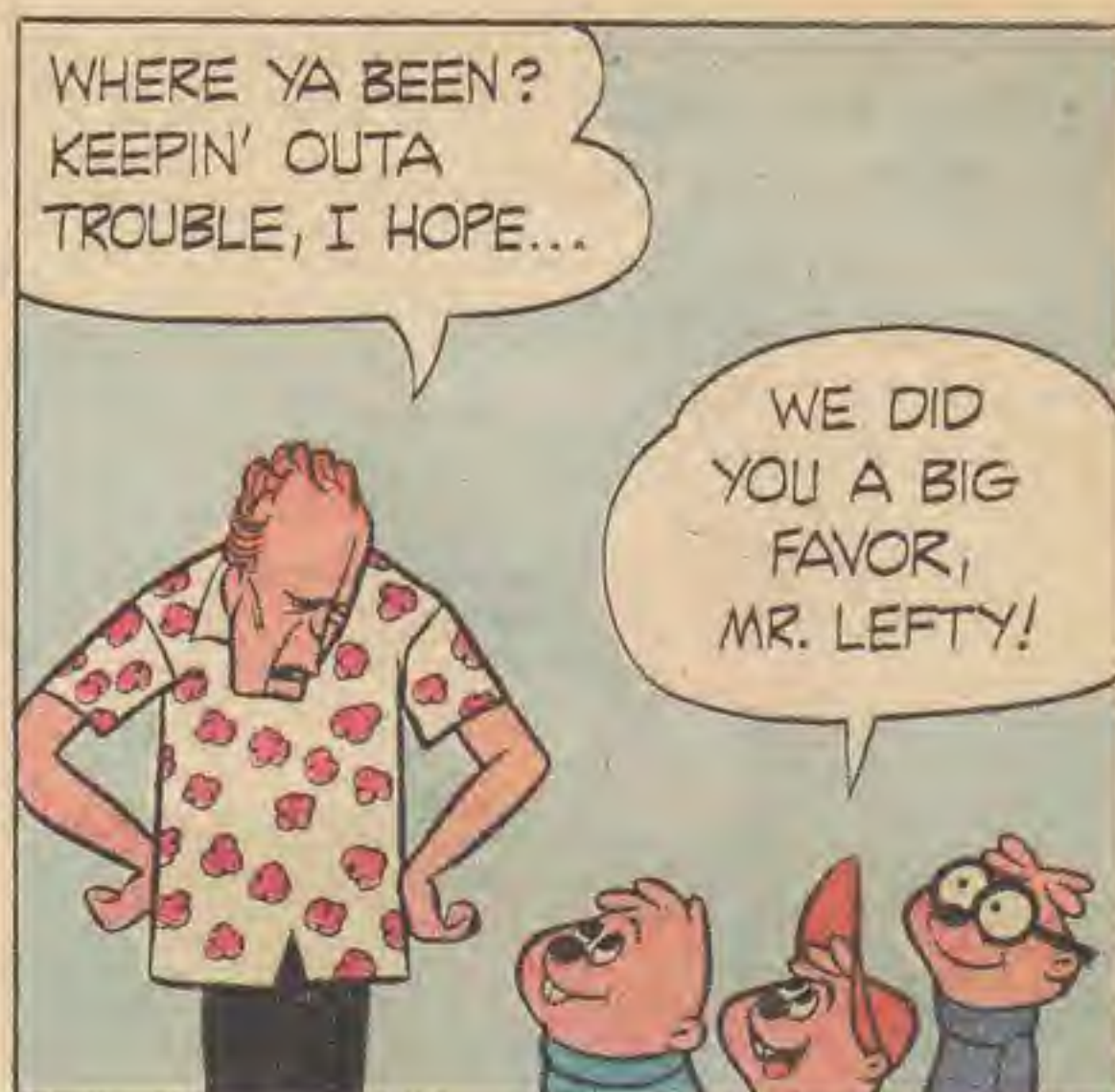














WON'T DAVE BE SURPRISED WHEN HE SEES ALL THE MONEY WE EARNED?



WE HAD A TERRIFIC DAY, DAVE! LOOK AT ALL THE MONEY WE MADE!



HOLY COW! I GUESS I WAS WRONG ABOUT YOU BOYS!



BUT YOU'VE ONLY BEEN GONE A FEW HOURS! YOU MEAN YOU MADE ALL THAT MONEY SO FAST?



THAT'S RIGHT!



...AND THEN WE CHASED HIM AWAY. HE DROPPED ALL THE GOLF BALLS, AND WE BROUGHT THEM BACK TO OUR BOSSES! THEY WERE SO GRATEFUL THAT THEY GAVE US THE REST OF THE DAY OFF!



TERRIFIC!



LATER...

IT SAYS HERE THAT THE CLERK IN THE JEWELRY STORE HEARD ONE OF THE CROOKS CALL HIS PAL BY THE NAME OF LEFTY...



THAT MAN WE WORKED FOR TODAY-- HIS NAME WAS LEFTY...





NAW! COULDN'T  
BE THE SAME GUY.  
JUST A COINCIDENCE.



THAT'S FUNNY...THIS EGG  
IS HARD AS A ROCK!



MEANWHILE, IN THE KITCHEN...

I HAVE ONE EGG  
LEFT---AND I'M  
STARVED!



I'LL GET IT OPEN---  
EVEN IF I HAVE TO  
USE A HAMMER!

**BOONG!**



HOLY SMOKE! THE CHICKEN THIS  
CAME FROM MUST HAVE BEEN  
ON A DIET OF DIAMONDS!



I MUST HAVE  
KEPT ONE OF  
MR. LEFTY'S  
GOLF BALLS  
BY MISTAKE!

A GOLF BALL  
IS A FUNNY  
PLACE TO FIND  
JEWELS!





THAT'S IT! THE NEWSPAPER SAYS ONE OF THE JEWEL ROBBERS WAS NAMED LEFTY! AND THAT MAN WE WORKED FOR TODAY---HIS NAME WAS LEFTY!



I THINK WE SHOULD TELL DAVE ABOUT THIS RIGHT AWAY!

WAIT!



NOW WE KNOW WHY LEFTY AND HIS FRIENDS WERE TRYING TO HIT THE BALLS TO THAT MAN ACROSS THE RIVER! THAT MUST BE HOW THEY'RE GETTING THE JEWELS OUT OF TOWN! THEY'RE BOUND TO TRY AGAIN TOMORROW!

TOMORROW WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE GOLF COURSE AND GET ALL THOSE GOLF BALLS! THEN WE'LL TURN THEM OVER TO THE POLICE!

I THINK WE SHOULD TELL DAVE RIGHT AWAY!



NOBODY WILL BELIEVE US WITHOUT MORE PROOF! WE HAVE TO DO IT ON OUR OWN!

ALL I WANTED WAS ONE MORE HARD-BOILED EGG!



MEANWHILE...

OKAY, CHARLIE. WE'RE GOING TO TRY AGAIN TOMORROW. AND THIS TIME WE WON'T HAVE NO CADDIES STICKIN' THEIR NOSES IN! BE READY!





# ALVIN

THE JIG IS UP

THE NEXT DAY...

HI, MR. LEFTY!  
WE'VE BEEN  
WAITING FOR YOU  
AND YOUR FRIENDS ALL  
MORNING! READY FOR  
ANOTHER ROUND  
OF GOLF?

ERR--WE WON'T BE  
NEEDING ANY CADDIES  
TODAY, BOYS. SO WHY DON'T  
YOU JUST RUN ALONG AND  
PLAY BASEBALL OR  
SOMETHING?

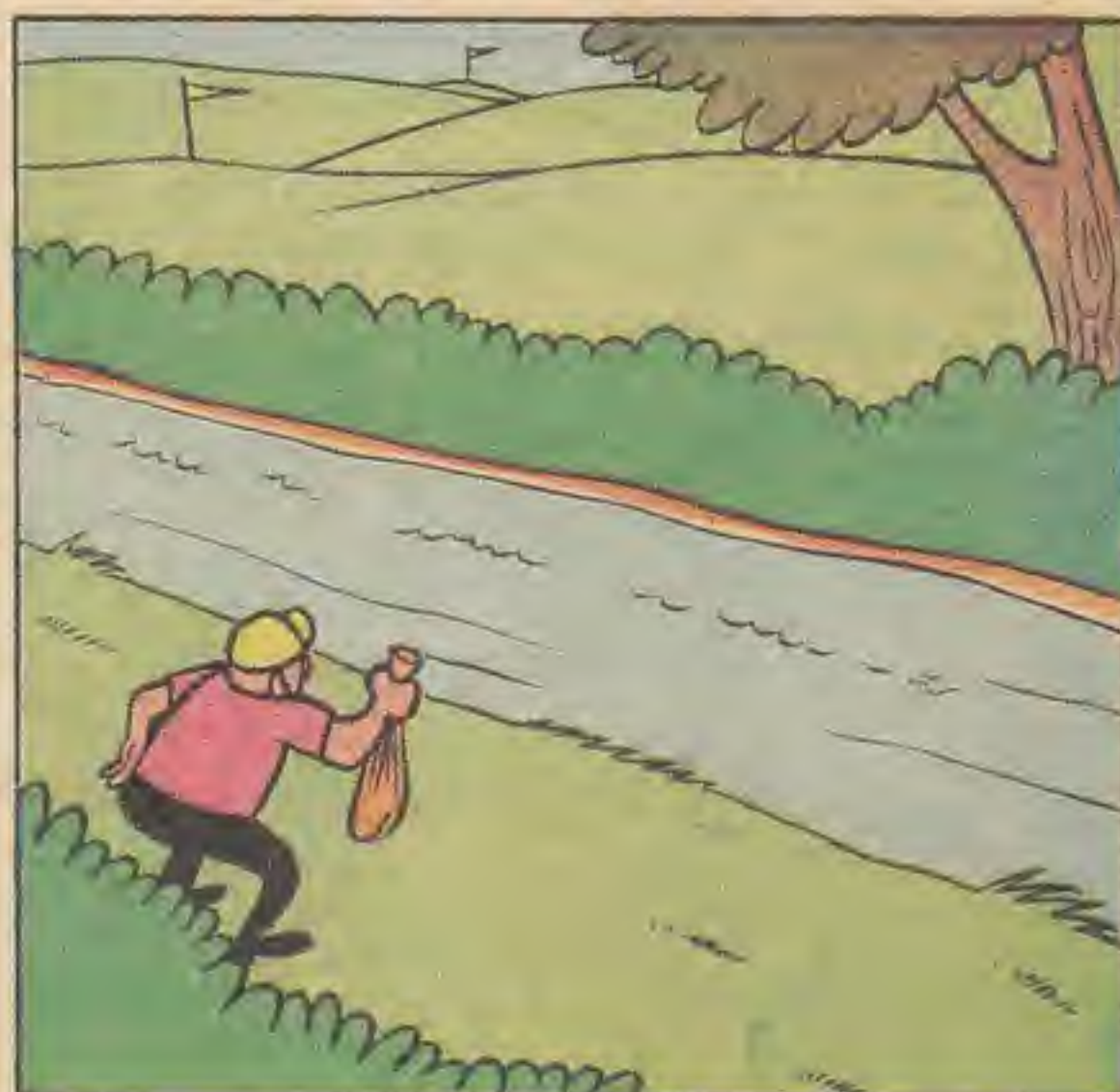
BUT ALVIN--NOW  
WE'LL NEVER  
CATCH THEM  
RED-HANDED!

WILL YOU  
KEEP QUIET,  
THEODORE??

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS  
FOLLOW THEM UNTIL WE  
GET TO THE 7TH HOLE.  
THEN WE CATCH THE BALLS  
THEY HIT AND RUN TO  
THE POLICE!

VERY GOOD,  
ALVIN!





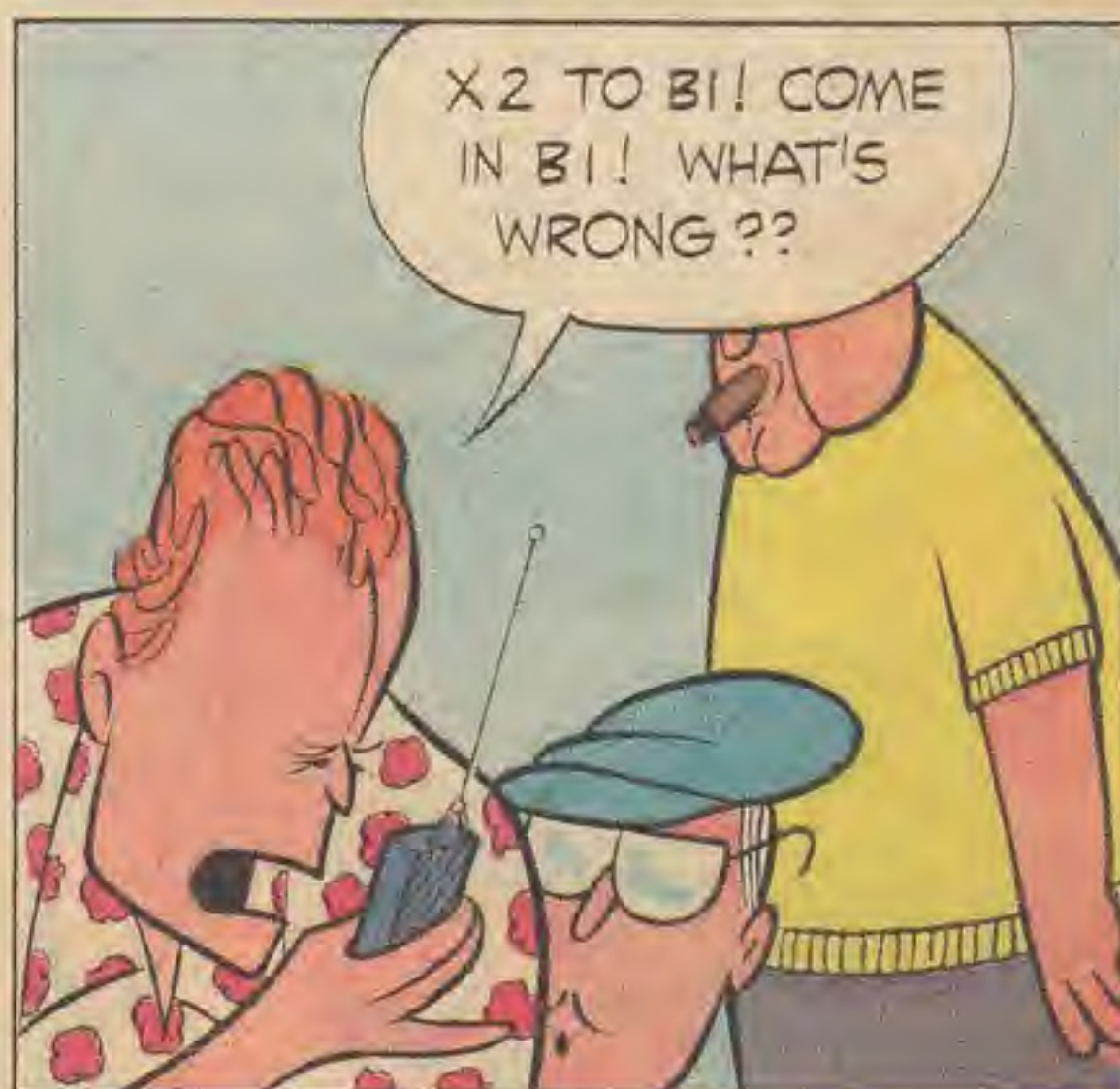
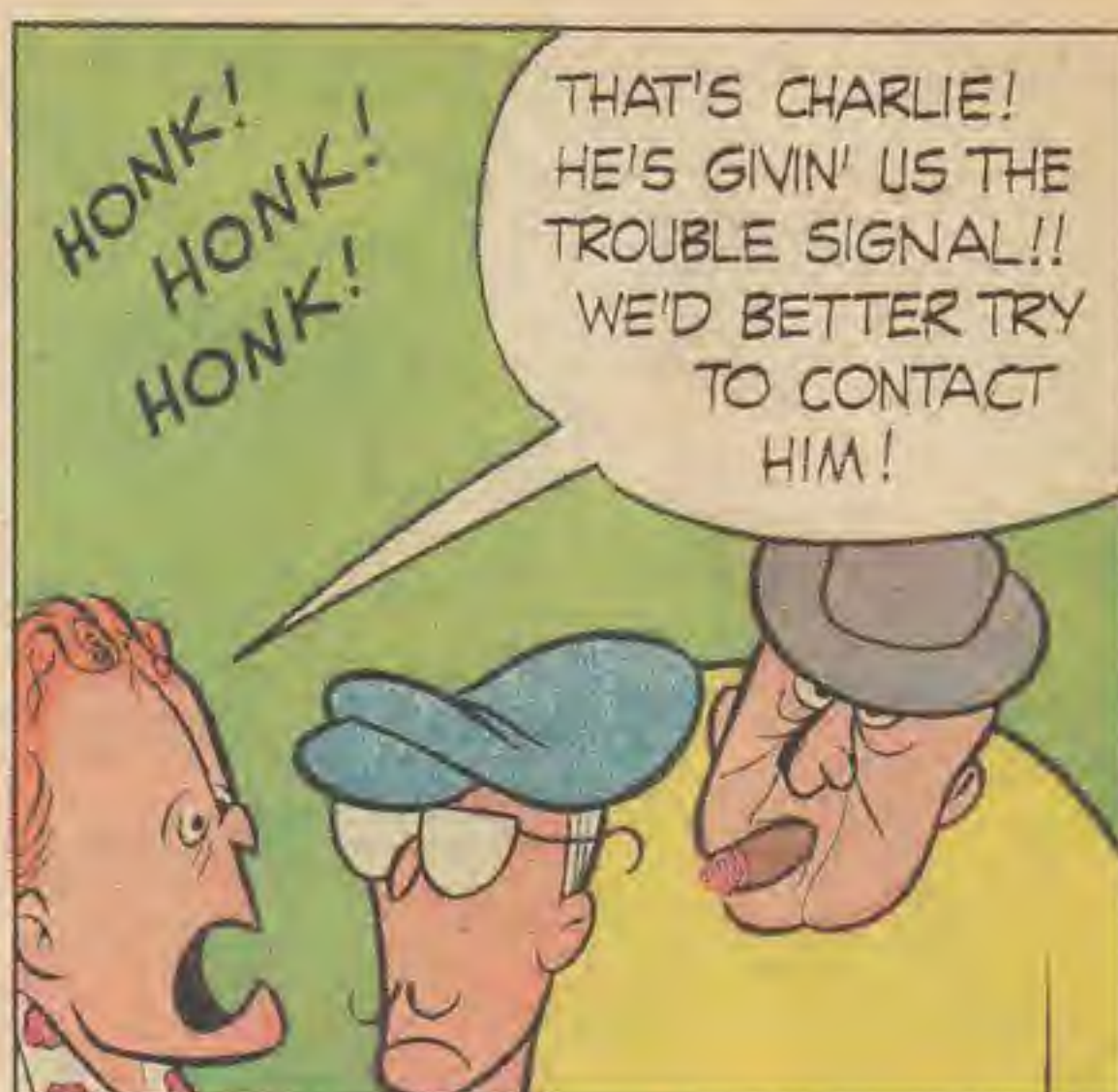














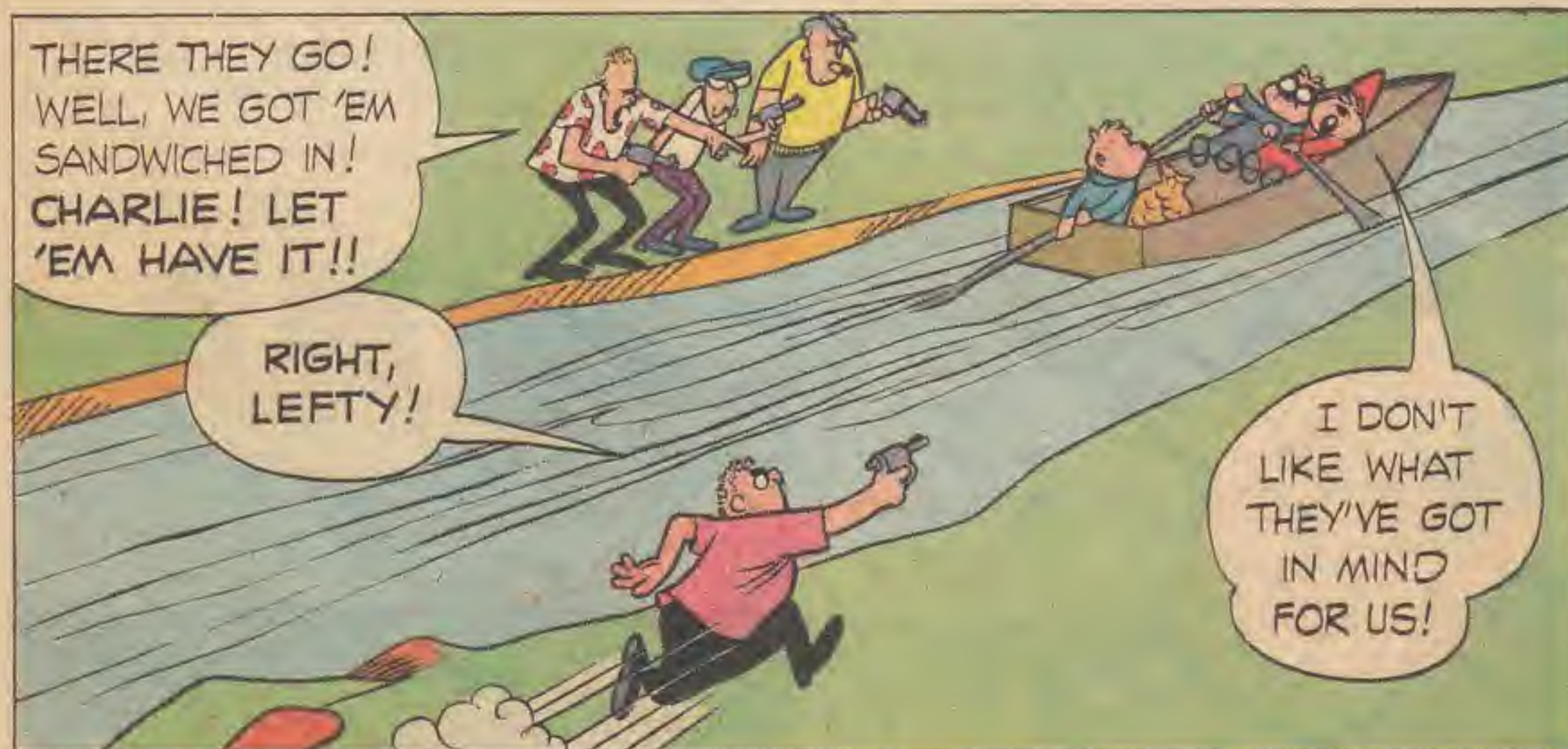


HURRY!

WE'LL ROW DOWN  
THAT WAY, FAR  
FROM THE GOLF  
CLUB!



I'LL FIX THEM  
KIDS ONCE AN'  
FOR ALL!



THERE THEY GO!  
WELL, WE GOT 'EM  
SANDWICHED IN!  
**CHARLIE!** LET  
'EM HAVE IT!!

RIGHT,  
LEFTY!

I DON'T  
LIKE WHAT  
THEY'VE GOT  
IN MIND  
FOR US!



YOU AND YOUR  
BIG IDEAS,  
ALVIN! WHAT  
HAPPENS NOW?

I'M AFRAID  
TO GUESS!

ZING!

ZIP!

ZANG!

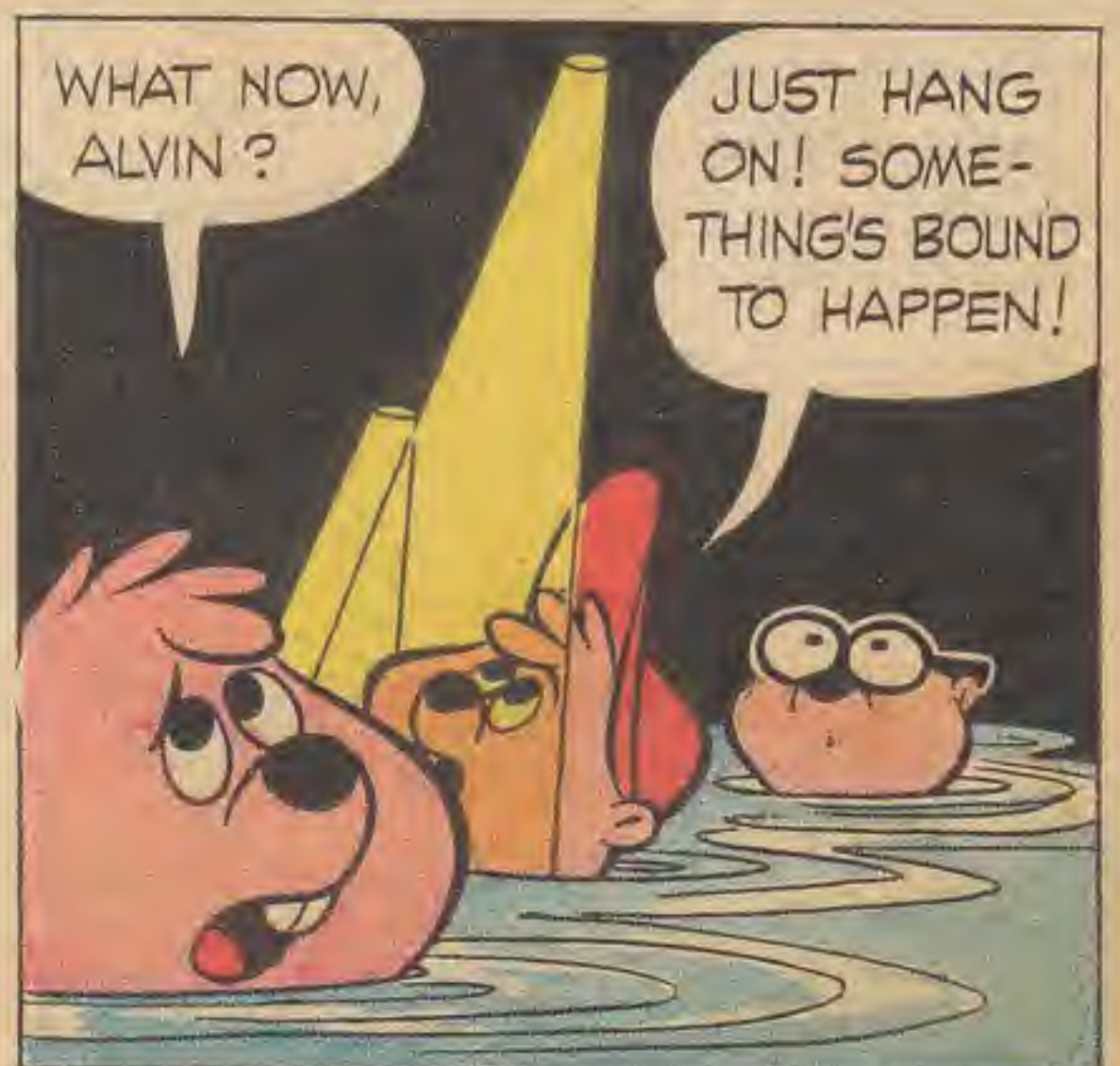


O-OHH! THE LAST THING  
THIS TUB NEEDS IS  
VENTILATION!

ZIP!

ZANG!







SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN, ALVIN..

THEM CRAZY KIDS IS  
GONNA GO RIGHT  
OVER THE  
WATERFALL!

THAT'LL  
FINISH THEM  
FOR SURE!



THERE'S  
A SHORT  
CUT  
TO THE  
BOTTOM  
OF THE  
FALLS!  
COME ON!

POOR KIDS! WELL, THAT'S  
WHAT THEY GET FOR  
BEIN' NOSEY!



THEY SEEM TO  
HAVE STOPPED  
SHOOTING AT  
US!

I TOLD  
YOU  
WE'D BE  
OKAY!



THEY PROBABLY GAVE UP  
AND DECIDED TO LEAVE  
TOWN IN A HURRY.



FUNNY...I'VE GOT  
THE STRANGEST  
SINKING FEELING!

I WONDER...?













# TOO YOUNG TO DRIVE

Ever since Hank could remember, he had been fascinated by automobiles. By the age of 12, his passion for them had grown all out of proper size for a little boy. His greatest thrills were the Sunday drives his dad would take. The whole family loved to pile into the car, but no one loved it more than Hank. He was allowed to sit in the front seat between his parents. Once in a while, Dad even let him put one hand on the steering wheel, ever so slightly, just as though Hank were helping to drive the car.

Hank spent a great deal of time building model cars. Old ones, new ones, foreign jobs. If it had wheels, he wanted to tinker with it. He would spend hours down at Mr. Drady's garage, watching the mechanics repair real cars. He loved the smell of grease and gasoline. And the sound of a sweetly-purring engine was like music to his ears.

When Hank's older brother Bill first got his driver's license, Hank was overjoyed. Bill always let Hank try out his new things, like his aftershave lotion when Bill first started to shave. And the slide rule when Bill started high school. So Hank had every reason to believe Bill would let him come closer to driving the car than his dad had previously allowed.

You can imagine Hank's disappointment when Bill said no. Of course, Bill was doing the right thing by not sharing this new experience with Hank. After all, a 12-year-old-boy driving a car is not the same as that boy trying out some shave lotion or a slide rule before he's ready for them. But Hank didn't see it that way. To Hank's way of thinking, Bill was being just plain selfish.

Hank would sit in the window of his room and watch Bill drive away for an evening's fun in the family car. It really annoyed him that Bill had that privilege and he didn't. Or when Bill would drive by the house with his friends enjoying the car, too. Sometimes the problem bothered Hank so much that he would decide to hate cars, and never drive one—ever!

But finally Hank could stand it no longer. Something had to be done. One Sunday afternoon, while the family was napping before the weekly drive, Hank quietly crept from his room, and headed for the front porch. As he opened the door, his eyes drank in the splendor of the new, blue sedan his dad had purchased just weeks ago.

Hank walked casually toward the car, acting as though he was just going to look it over. He kicked the rear right tire, knocked on the solid roof, felt the cold chill of the bright door handle. But suddenly he was behind the wheel, pretending he was racing over some famous speedway.

Then it happened. In his enthusiasm, he had turned or pulled or twisted something, because there was a loud click and the car lurched forward. Since Hank could hardly see over the steering wheel, he had no idea what was really happening except that he could feel the car rolling. He stood up on the seat quickly, then he couldn't bear to look anymore. The last thing he remembered seeing was Mrs. Baker's rose bushes, the ones he'd always been told not to play near.

Fortunately, the car had built up very little momentum, and the thick rose bushes managed to prevent the car from plowing into Mrs. Baker's front porch. Aside from the thorn scratches, the car was in good shape, too. But Hank was never the same after that. From that time on, he was content to sit in the back seat on the family drives. At least until he was big enough to see over the steering wheel.

THE END



# LITTLE ANGELA

MY DEAR HUSBAND!  
WHAT HAVE YOU  
GOT THERE?

TOOLS, DEAR! I'M  
GOING TO DO-IT-MYSELF!  
FROM NOW ON NO MORE  
WASTING MONEY! WHEN  
SOMETHING HAS TO BE  
REPAIRED, I'M GOING TO  
FIX IT MYSELF!!

OH, BOY! DADDY  
BOUGHT HIMSELF  
A LOT OF TOYS!

**YOU  
DO IT  
YOURSELF**

GEE, DADDY,  
THEY SURE  
DO LOOK  
NICE!

THANK  
YOU,  
ANGELA!

BUT YOU MUST STAY AWAY FROM  
MY WORKBENCH. YOU MIGHT  
GET HURT.

YOU KNOW  
ME, DADDY...















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